Union of the Old & the New World

The mighty majesty of steam
O'er waters and o'er winds supreme,
Hath master'd the Atlantic main;
From shore to shore we speak — we hear —
And hemisphere to hemisphere
Echoes, in swift response again.

Look! for heaven's golden bow new-strung,
Is on the old Ben Nevis hung:—
Yet ere that bow shall be outspread
Into the "full-orbed shield"* your eye
May watch it in Columbia's sky
O'er Allegany's distant head.

Blest thought! between the ebb & flow
Of our fleet moon, we come & go
From world to world. Remotest lands
Enwind's union & communion tend:—
And shall not closer concord blend
Our words & works & hearts and hands!

* Ossian

An Iris=bow shall arch the sea
Where angels shall glide smilingly
Heralds of truth and love and light,
Across the deep. In dream serene
As by the ancient Patriarch seen
Ascending and descending bright.*

Yes! in one glorious league combin'd
The great confederacy of mind
Shall from the oppressor save the oppress'd:
Man be redeem'd — of liberty
The inheritance of nations be,
And every, every wrong redress'd.

London 26 September 1841 John Bowring

* Genesis xxviii. 12

London September 27 1841

My dear Miss Chapman

I am delighted to respond to your call — & proud to be told <u>by you</u> that any word of mine is likely to be welcomed on the other shores of the Great Sea

Most faithfully Yours

John Bowring

Chambers

Miss Maria Weston Chapman
Boston
U.S.

John Bowring

Ms. A. 6.36

ENGRAVED BY W. HOLL

John Bowring.

From a Painting by R. E. Duppa

LONDON, JOHN SAUNDERS JUNR. 7 DYERS BUILDINGS, HOLBORN BARS.

[illegible]

THE LATE SIR JOHN BOWRING.

Ch. H. 8.36